

Whether Common or Not

The Household Physician.

It tickles me almost t' death t' see th' doctors fight,
Each one declarin' t'other's wrong an' only him is
right;
When allpath an' homypath forever disagree,
Exceptin' when they j'ine t' fight 'gainst ostryopathe.
Th' allpath will dope his sick th' pharmacopy
through;
Th' homypath will jim along with numbers 1 and 2.
Th' ostryopath will knead y'r frame an' loosen ev'ry
bone,
An' then th' Scientis' declares you're saved by faith
alone.

An' some folks listen to th' talk each school has got t'
make,
An' dope themselves with p'izen drugs f'r ev'ry pain
an' ache.
They choose a school o' medicine an' help along th'
fuss,
Each one a gulpin' physic down an' growin' wuss an'
wuss.

It tickles me t' hear 'em talk, an' hear 'em argify,
An' see 'em pay th' doctor bills that figger mighty
high.

Th' remedies my mother made are good enough f'r
me—

Some goosegrease on a flannel rag an' lots o' bone
set tea.

In spring when feelin' torpid an' my liver's out o'
plumb,

Malaria in my system an' each j'int a feelin' numb;
When blood is out o' kelter an' each bone begins
t' ache,

I fall back on th' remedies my mother used t' make.
She didn't call no doctors in t' feed her folks on pills
An' feel their pulse while lookin' wise, an' sendin' in
big bills.

She kept us all a feelin' fine an' well as we could be
With goosegrease on a flannel rag and quarts o' fen-
nel tea.

Th' trouble with most men today is each has got a fad,
Each boastin' of an ailment that our fathers never
had.

Appendycetus is th' talk, bacilly's all th' rage;
Th' men who have diskivered germs are heroes of th'
age.

But I'm content with old-time ways, an' you kin bet
y'r life

No modern doctor ever gets t' carve me with his knife.
I'll just keep doctorin' myself, while doctors disagree,
With goosegrease on a flannel rag and quarts o' sass-
'frass tea.

Fame.

The politician gazed earnestly at the newspaper
in his hands.

"It must be that I am losing my place in public
attention."

Still gazing thoughtfully at the newspaper he
sighed a deep sigh and bit his lips.

"At any rate," he continued, "the cartoonists are
beginning to make pictures that look something
like me."
—W. M. M.

A Social Affair.

He could fight for love of country
And could bare his breast to shot;
He could die for home and freedom
In a battle raging hot.
He could work a gun so truly
That it made you prond to see—
But he couldn't be commissioned,
For he couldn't pour "pink tea."

Uncle Hiram.

"I hev noticed," remarked Uncle Hiram, splitting
a sliver from a convenient cracker box, "that hist'ry
uses variations sometimes in repeatin' herself. F'r

instance: Th' first Samson used the jawbone of an
ass t' slay his enemies; but th' present day Sampson
uses th' same we'pon t' commit suicide."

The Ruling Passion.

The lovely patient lay motionless, and friends
gathered about her.

"I am unable to revive her," said the family phy-
sician. "The case puzzles me greatly, for I recognize
none of the symptoms."

Hastily picking up the evening paper a friend, with
rare presence of mind, turned to the advertising depart-
ment and read:

"On sale at Blank's tomorrow, lovely Taffeta
silk, 36-inch, full bodied, worth \$1.75, at 39c."

"What time does the sale begin?" queried the fair
patient, sitting up and reaching for her purse.

A Fat Contract.

"I've got a contract," cried the man,

"That will my fortune make;

A contract that will never end,

Unless I much mistake."

"What is your contract, friend?" I asked.

He viewed me with surprise.

"A marble shaft I furnish each

Time Aguinaldo dies."

A Breach of Propriety.

"It is passing strange that a social leader like
Sampson committed such a breach of etiquette."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he never sent his regrets to Cervera,
although he was not able to be present at the Span-
iard's levee."

Unsolved.

During the last twenty or thirty years man has
made some wonderful discoveries, but up to date no
one has discovered why a man who can not keep a
good knife more than a week can carry a broken-
handled, pointless-blade knife for years and never
succeed in losing it.

Borrowed Fun

Force of Habit.

Husband (returning from his first ascent in a
balloon)—Just think of it, Alice, I ascended 25,000
feet in the air.

Young Wife—And you brought back nothing for
me!—Fliegende Blatter.

Just Like a Turk.

"Bellingham is a regular Turk," said Cumso to
Cawker.

"What makes you say that?"

"He seems to regard an effort to collect money
he owes as an hostile act."—Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Outdone.

"Has your wife much social ambition?"

"Social ambition! When she read about Lady
Curzon's elephant party in India she said if she knew
where she could rent some whales she'd give a whale
party."—Detroit Free Press.

Gradual Purification of Politics.

"Then you think, Senator," said the reporter,
who was working him for an interview, "that the
time is coming when a rich man in the Senate will
no longer be looked at with an eye of suspicion?"

"I certainly do," replied Senator Lotsmun. "It
is becoming generally understood that the presence
of a man of wealth in the United States Senate is
satisfactory evidence he could easily afford the ex-
pense of getting there."—Chicago Tribune.

Miscellaneous.

Americans are a thrifty and prudent people, un-
less all proverbs lie, and should be ready to strike a
balance of our Philippine business up to date. The
first account would relate purely to the money in-
vestment, and the return th' far had, and would
stand as follows:

WILLIAM McKINLEY IN ACCOUNT WITH THE UNITED STATES.

Dr.		Cr.
To one archipeligo...	\$20,000,000	By two
To benevolently as-		years'
similating the		exports
same, 730 days, at		to Phil-
\$750,000 a day....	547,000,000	ippines,
To expenses able		say \$3,-
negotiators Paris		200,000,
Treaty.. ..	222,000	profit on
To two islands		which at
which able negoti-		12 per
ators thought they		cent. is....
had bought.....	100,000	\$384,000
	\$567,322,000	
	384,000	
Profit and loss....	\$566,938,000	

Evidently "there are millions in" the islands; but
they are so far "in" that it may be doubted if we
ever get them out.

A correct Philippine balance-sheet would also
show the respective profit and loss in the moral and
political sphere. Figures and values cannot, in this
part of the statement, be sharply defined; but the
two sides of the account would stand something like
this:

LOSS.

Confidence and admi-
ration of oppressed peo-
ples.
Gratitude of strug-
gling republics.
Watchwords of lib-
erty.
Peaceful expansion.
Ideals of the fathers.
Reverence of the Con-
stitution.
The party of moral
ideas.

GAIN.

Applause of arbitrary
and oppressive rulers.
Thanks of republic
destroyers.
Shibboleths of Em-
pire.
Criminal aggression.
Toys of the nursery.
Trust in force.
The party of the pock-
et-book.

Again we leave it to the Imperialists to say on
which side the balance is.—N. Y. Post.

But all the resources that can be imagined by
the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his distressed
colleagues will not half fill in the prospective defi-
ciency, and therefore we must expect further large
additions to the nation's debt, how large it is useless
now to attempt to estimate. It might be £50,000,000
and possibly enough half as much again. The pros-
pect is decidedly other than brilliant, however viewed;
and we cannot help wondering what the war party
expects the nation to gain by all this outpouring
of its means and mortgaging of its future. Where
does the profit come in in the balance-sheet? We
see none, not a farthing, but only a steady disappear-
ance of our wealth, of our power over markets and
over communities that were our customers and good
ones. But we cannot expect the Government and its
supporters to acknowledge this. They live and move
in a world of illusions, and will do so to the end. To
help in sustaining fiction as supreme lord of and over
our destinies, we may even have no honest Budget at
all, but only a Budget of dribbles and supplements
like that of the current year; for is not the war over,
or just about; DeWet sick of it, and dying to surren-
der; Botha beaten, and the mines about to re-open?
All the war journals say so, and they have been so
conspicuously right in the past that we must perforce
believe them.—Investor's Review, London, England.